

Title: Book of Fellowship 2

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I  
had never before realized  
how much  
a town is reliant upon its  
Tinker, nor how  
appreciative the  
local townspeople are to  
those who sacrifice  
themselves to  
continuously solving the  
problems of others. So  
welcome did  
they make me feel that I  
stayed for several years.  
Then, filled with the urge  
to roam and longing for  
the outdoors once more, I  
joined a band of Rangers  
in  
Spiritwood.

Rangers are  
a deeply spiritual people.  
Living

with them reminded me  
very much of my druid  
childhood in  
Yew - with one big  
difference. These  
Rangers drank the  
most wonderful wine I  
have ever tasted! The  
bottles came  
from the old winery at  
Skara Brae, having  
survived the  
terrible fires which  
ravaged that island.

Later I made a  
pilgrimage to the desolate  
ruins of Skara Brae and  
there I had  
a spiritual experience so  
profound that I have  
vowed never to  
relate it to anyone.  
Leaving their band, I gave  
away all of my  
possessions and for

months I wandered aimlessly. Eventually, I arrived at New Magincia where I sought employment as a Shepherd. Most of the following two years was spent in perfect solitude, living in complete humility. It was an experience that left me significantly changed. When I noticed that ten years had almost passed, I began the journey back to Britain.

v. The Two Brothers and the Trickster  
On the road back to Britain I noticed a small mine being worked by two brothers. They greeted me suspiciously but eventually shared with me their tale, and I shall share it with thee.  
Their father died and left them a map to some unclaimed land that contained valuable minerals. By law a claim can only be made in one name, and this led the brothers into conflict. One brother was the eldest, the other was more worldly- both wanted the claim. They became so fearful that the other would make the claim that each spent all his time spying on the other.

No work was done. One day, they met a stranger who said he was a mining engineer. They did not trust him at first, but he assured them that their

claim was too small to be  
of interest.

He was on the way to  
stake a much larger  
claim. The  
stranger turned their  
heads with tales of the  
riches they could  
have, replacing their  
distrust with avarice.  
The brothers asked the  
stranger to make their  
claim  
for them, and went back  
to working their mine.

They worked  
without stopping for  
months, and afterward  
travelled to the  
mint to sell their ore.

At the mint they learned  
the stranger had staked  
their claim in his own  
name and then sold it  
outright for a  
fortune.

As the  
brothers had taken ore  
from land they did not  
own, they were sent to  
prison in Yew for many  
years.

Their sad fate taught  
them to be more trusting  
of each other,  
for a man who does not  
trust his brother is  
always vulnerable.

After hearing their tale,  
I went to the mint, for I  
was curious  
which of the two  
brothers held the claim  
to their new mine. I  
had tried to guess and  
was quite surprised when  
I saw the  
answer. It was in the  
name of their father.

vi. The Creation of The  
Fellowship

I was overjoyed when  
Elizabeth and Abraham  
both arrived at  
the Blue Boar safe and  
sound. It was a splendid  
reunion.

The tales they told me  
were truly astounding,  
gentle friend  
and traveller. But as I  
have mentioned, I do not  
wish this  
to be an intrusion  
upon their privacy.  
Not all of our memories  
were pleasant ones.  
Most of  
the people of Britannia,  
it seemed, were more  
interested in  
helping themselves than in  
helping their fellow  
person. As  
travellers - strangers  
wherever we went - we  
had become  
used to the cold eye of  
suspicion upon us.  
Everywhere there  
were people who expected  
something for nothing, as  
if owed  
a debt by the world.  
Most of all, each of us  
had met many  
people who were  
fundamentally unhappy.

Everywhere there  
were people who knew  
that they needed  
something in their  
lives, gentle friend and  
traveller, but that they  
had not a hope  
of finding it.  
The three of us had  
learned much of history.  
There  
was once a time when  
life was infinitely more  
fragile, but was  
cherished much more  
dearly. We yearned to  
recapture that  
aspect of Britannia's  
former glory. After  
much discussion,  
we decided to found a  
society called The  
Fellowship.  
At this  
time I was also conceiving

what would become its philosophy, but that will be discussed further in another chapter. It was Abraham who suggested that I propose The Fellowship to Lord British. I agreed, little realizing the task I was undertaking.

vii. The Ratification of Wise Lord British  
It was with much anxiety that I stood before the throne of wise Lord British. I was in a long line of subjects as our Liege made numerous pronouncements. Although I had been waiting for hours when I at last had my audience, I still felt unprepared. His unwavering glance fell on me.  
I said that I had a modest proposal. My colleagues and I sought to establish a philosophical society known as The Fellowship. Lord British asked me who would see the benefits of this Fellowship. I replied that no one would benefit from it, for it would not be run for profit. With a word I was dismissed.

I found myself leaving the throne room before it had even sunk in that I had been refused. By the look on my face Elizabeth and Abraham knew I was not the bearer of good news. In discussing the matter, Elizabeth suggested that

Lord British had desired  
a tribute  
from us. If we could  
present an impressive  
enough tribute, he  
would grant his favor.  
After a time we raised a  
thousand gold  
pieces by selling nearly  
every possession we  
owned. With  
renewed confidence I  
returned to the castle.  
This time there were  
several women with me to  
carry  
the chests of gold that  
were our tribute. As I  
reached the  
front of the line I spoke  
boldly. I said that I  
wished to discuss  
The Fellowship, but first  
wished to present Lord  
British with  
suitable tribute. With  
consternation I realized  
that I had  
spoken before Lord  
British had finished  
reading an important  
looking scroll placed  
before him by one of his  
advisors.

He  
signed it as he spoke,  
not even bothering to  
look up at me.  
First he ordered my  
workmen to remove the  
boxes. Then he  
ordered the workmen to  
remove me as well!  
Angrily I stormed from  
the throne room. Once  
more  
did I face my two  
friends. We were most  
disappointed. The  
dream we shared now  
seemed to have no hope  
of becoming  
reality. I spent days  
somberly brooding over my  
failure. One  
morning found me so  
completely lost in my

thoughts that I did not hear the passing beggar approach. When at last I noticed him he spoke. "A coin for one denied the rewards of worthiness." The illumination was pure and instantaneous. He thought I had gone mad when I gave him my chest full of gold.

I ran back to the palace as fast as I could. At first, Lord British would not see me, but I implored him. He looked me over, and seemed to see something different about me. He listened as I spoke.

"Our society, The Fellowship, will be a union of spiritual seekers that shall strive to bring Unity to our fractured society. We will promote Trust and understanding among all the people of Britannia. With your approval our society will teach one to seek Worthiness, rather than mere personal reward. To that end, I seek your recognition of The Fellowship."